

She'll Kill You by **alteanheart**

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Angst, Fluff, Friendship, Gen, Psychological Trauma, Telekinesis, The Upside Down, dark themes

Language: English

Characters: Eleven (Stranger Things), Mike Wheeler

Relationships: Eleven & Mike Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-11-12

Updated: 2016-11-14

Packaged: 2022-04-02 00:14:41

Rating: Mature

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 2

Words: 1,248

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

- i. Eleven escapes from Hawkins National Laboratory
- ii. Mike explains Dungeons and Dragons to El

1. Eleven Escapes

Author's Note:

Just a couple of drabbles from Stranger Things c:

For the longest time, she didn't move. The door was open, but not like it opened when Papa came to get her, or when the helpers came to get her, or when the eating tray came. It was only open a small amount, only enough to fit someone's finger through. It was always bright in the passage outside, but now the brightness was moving, turning on and off quickly, like how her heart felt when she was scared. But she wasn't scared now. She watched the door like that, silent, until she knew no one was coming.

There wasn't a rule for this. Eleven touched the drawing of Papa, the one they had let her keep. She tried to find his mind, the way she could find the tall man across the sea. Papa was much closer than that, he must be, he always was when a rule changed. All she got in return was a prickle, not just in her head but her insides too, a tiny tremble every time she breathed out.

It's here.

Eleven heard a sound from above, the clang of metal, footsteps that stopped. There was a snap, like something too hot had burst, and the passage went dark. She pulled her knees to her chest, nails digging into her calves, eyes squeezed till the black seemed speckled and colorful.

Bad. Bad.

She could shut the door. Shutting the door would make the room the same again, and tomorrow Papa would come back and they could try again. She could shut the door. She could shut the door.

Behind her eyelids, the room was thin and watery. A slow puff of air brushed her cheek, cold. She could smell something acid and sticky, but it was pulling backwards now, closing in on itself faraway.

There were a lot of things she knew without having a why, they just were. But this- the knowing it was finished, the knowing it was only finished for now- it was a different knowing. It was finished for now because it got what it want, it wasn't finished forever, because it would always want more things. Bad things.

Eleven opened her eyes. She heard the danger noise, that loud beeping, over and over, the one that brought the helpers. But they had passed her now, too many things all around, too much shouting and they didn't see. It was a long way, the thought was damp and made the palms of her hands itch, she hadn't been to the other side. Not this one. But the door was wide open and the passage white and empty again, and she was running, running after it, or to it, or away from it, running to the place where they both belonged.

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2. Dungeons and Dragons

Mike stared at the open refrigerator. Milk... or juice? Or plain water? No, not water, nobody ever wanted water. He carried the pint of half-n-half and the OJ back to the kitchen table, then carefully poured a glass of each, so El could choose. If his Mom happened to come downstairs, he would just say he was extra thirsty. From... homework. It could happen.

“El?” he whispered, pushing open the basement door with his elbow. The lamp had been left on, but that might’ve been an accident, and he didn’t want to freak her out if she was sleeping.

She probably doesn’t even need sleep, Lucas had argued on the last transmission. *Or, she’s like one of those Spirit Nagas that sleep with their eyes open, so you never really actually know when they’re watching you.*

Seriously, Lucas needed to chill sometimes. They hadn’t encountered Spirit Nagas since that detour in the swamp, and technically, even *they* turned out to be water dragons.

“El? Are you asleep?” Mike whispered a tiny bit louder, the milk wobbling in one of the glasses as he tried to nudge the door closed behind him.

“Mike,” came El’s voice from the blanket fort, and Mike let out the breath he didn’t realize he’d held.

“Hey. Cool, great, you’re up,” he answered, one at a time down the wooden steps. He set the drinks down safe, then wiped the beads of moisture from carrying them on his pajamas. “I couldn’t sleep, and so, I was going to get myself a glass of milk, and then I thought, you know, maybe you couldn’t sleep too.”

His voice rose at the end of the sentence, sort of like a question, but it probably sounded dumb by the time he got to it. El waited, quietly listening, then turned back to the heavy book she had in her lap.

“Oh, you found my DMG. Awesome,” Mike said encouragingly, glancing around for the other two volumes in the set.

“Dee em gee.”

“Yeah! My DMG- the *Dungeon Masters Guide*. For playing Dungeons and Dragons,” Mike explained, swallowing funny as he spotted what he was after. “Here- it comes with the *Players Handbook* too. And the *Monster Manual*.”

El stared at the additional books Mike was holding out to her, but didn’t reach for either of them.

“It’s for a game,” Mike continued, then arranged himself cross-legged a little distance from El, spreading the texts out between them. “Where you make up adventures and stuff.”

“Adventures?” El’s expression tipped to a deep frown, like he’d suggested they sneak into a cemetery or something.

“Not real ones,” he reassured her, trying to describe it so she’d know there was nothing to be scared of. “Where you can be a different character, and choose what happens in the story and stuff. Like going on an expedition. With... talking.”

Worst Gameplay Explanation Ever.

El reached her hand to touch the unicorn on the cover of the *Monster Manual*. She ran a fingertip over the illustration, then gave a hesitant smile.

“You like the unicorn?” Mike said happily, turning the book toward her. El thought about it for a moment, then gave a small nod.

“Yes.”

“So do I,” Mike replied, wriggling closer and flipping through the pages. He knew there was another unicorn picture in there somewhere. Eleven watched him, then cautiously reached her finger to the middle of the manual.

“You found it!” Mike gave a surprised smile, wondering how El had guessed where. El blinked at him, then slowly turned the book the other way around, like he had done for her. She gave a tentative smile back.

“Found it.”

Mike could feel himself grinning, words bubbling freefall as they kept looking at each other.

“You... you should play with us. All of us, after we get Will back. It would be so cool, and I can help you make your character and everything. Maybe a Maiden Warrior, and then you can actually *ride* a unicorn. I mean, if you want to that is.”

Mike stopped for air. El was peering down at her lap again.

“And choose...”

At first, Mike didn’t understand what she meant, but then he remembered what he’d said before about adventures.

“Yeah,” he said hopefully. “Like, I’ll tell you what’s happening all around in the story, and then you get to decide what you do about it. You can choose whatever action you want.”

El kept still for so long that Mike thought he might’ve stuffed it up, or made it sound too complicated or lame or something. But then she closed the *Monster Manual*, and gently nudged it toward her pillow, next to the flashlight and walkie-talkie she kept borrowing.

“Yes,” she whispered. “Yes.”

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